

Evening Ledger

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PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1915.
Be sure to spend your money wisely; that's the only way you can earn it.

By Its Products Shall It Be Known

PHILADELPHIA can best advertise its products by letting its products advertise Philadelphia.
Publicity is the most powerful weapon known to modern trade. Inertia cannot stand before it. It is a juggernaut to stand-stillism. But of what use is a 42-centimeter gun if the right kind of ammunition is not put into it? The aim must be right, the shell of the proper calibre, if a target is to be hit.

The average man is interested in knowing that Philadelphia is one of the greatest manufacturing centres of the world; he is more interested in knowing that some particular firm in Philadelphia manufactures the article he wants, and manufactures it better than anybody else. The world does not come to see a collection of manufacturing plants; it comes in myriads of buyers, each one of which has a specific factory as its goal.

The worth-while publicity that a city gets is the aggregate of the publicity given its unit products. The name of a firm becomes a household word throughout the nation, and the name of the city in which it thrives goes with it. There are cities of 50,000 or more population in the United States which are scarcely known outside of their own States, but there is not one city of even 10,000 inhabitants in the United States that is not known all over the Union if there is even one firm in it that advertises generally.

The prosperity of the factories which it already has are the magnets which attract to any city other factories. The success of a great automobile company brings to the vicinity other automobile factories which wish to share that prosperity. And the measure of "bigness" is prosperity. To have the largest population in the world is not half so important as to have the best-housed and highest-earning population.

The manufacturers of Philadelphia must nationalize their trade names, and by so doing they will confer the greatest publicity possible on the city. Their own increase in business will be reflected in the progress of the community. They make Philadelphia known by making themselves known.

The Governor Firm for Good Housing

DOCTOR BRUMBAUGH meant what he said when he declared for decent housing in his inaugural address.
A correspondent of the EVENING LEDGER yesterday asked him this question:
Governor, do you favor housing legislation that would require a window in every room, that would give each person plenty of air and light, clean homes and the facilities of sewerage and running water in every house and flat to keep it clean, and that would prohibit the garbage piles and the community hydrants and outhouses in the slums?
"I do," answered the Governor.

If this does not mean a veto of any bill intended to take the teeth out of the present housing law, then words have acquired a new significance, and black is white, filth is cleanliness and decency is indecency.
The families condemned by poverty to live in cheap quarters are looking with hope toward Harrisburg that they may not be condemned also to disease and death.

Loose Heroism of the Explorer

IT TOOK more sheer courage for Sir Ernest Shackleton to set out on his South Polar expedition than it did for his fellow Englishmen to cross the Channel to fight the Germans. The lone heroism of the explorer is one of the most splendid manifestations of the human spirit. Over the trackless and frigid wastes he toils his way, beset on every hand by death. When he moves, death follows, and when he camps, death pitches his own tent on the same spot. And he fights single-handed, knowing that although the chances favor the escape of the soldier, they are nearly all against his own victory over the forces that would bear him down.
If any Englishman in this great war braves a tithe of the dangers which Shackleton will confront he will receive all the distinguished service orders that have been established, and deserve them, too.

Real Jim Crow Laws for the Otorous

NEW ENGLAND is living up to its reputation as the leader in moral reform, for the Great and General Court of Massachusetts is now seriously considering a bill which prohibits smoking in waiting rooms, parks and playgrounds, in the public rooms of hotels and upon the parts of all vehicles open to the common use of all travelers. It is proposed to subject the person guilty of a third offense to a fine of not less than \$25 and to imprisonment for 10 days.
Such a punishment fits the crime. But the Massachusetts Legislature should not stop with the regulation of smoking in its effort to protect the public against annoyance, or against whom the fragrance of a good cigar is delightful will feel that they are the victims of unjust discrimination. Opinions on the break of others are much more offensive to many smokers than the smell of tobacco. The smoke of a cigar is a nuisance to many smokers, which have a right to be protected.
In the last month for which the State vital statistics have been compiled, there were 1,846 more deaths than in the corresponding month of the year 1914. An indication that the State is in a bad way. It is the duty of the Legislature to see that the program of the great Progressive leader,

strictly to compartments set apart for their users, and progressive New England is expected to show the South how to pass real Jim Crow laws, arranging for special parks for users of musk and eaters of onions, and special cars on the trains for men who wash with perfumed soaps, and so on down the list. And, to complete the good work, they should also arrange for separate accommodations for the good people who never use a bathtub. But it is well to pause before pursuing the subject further.

Make Your Councilman Fight

DO NOT permit yourself and your city to be betrayed.
When the transit ordinances are brought to a vote, few Councilmen, however subservient to secret masters, will dare vote against them.

The fight, therefore, is to get the ordinances reported. They are pigeon-holed in the Finance Committee.
The chairman of that committee is John P. Connelly. But a chairman never yet dominated a committee that refused to be dominated.

Put it up to your representative on that committee. Pledge him to demand that the ordinances be reported at the next meeting of Council. Pledge him to exert to the utmost his efforts to force a vote. Demand that he desert the chairman if the chairman deserts the city. Put it up to him. Let him know that he must take a stand, that he cannot be neutral. The way to be for transit is to be for it.

There is a man on the Finance Committee who says "The EVENING LEDGER thinks it's got something on me." A newspaper usually "has something" on any man who deals in treason, and it is the generally accepted view in Philadelphia that men who viciously and greedily hold up the transit program are traitors. They will be treated as traitors usually are treated. They will be driven out of public life and held up to the scorn and contempt of the community unless they back-track quickly, get in line with public opinion and quit serving special interests.

Find out why your Councilman is not fighting heartily for rapid transit. Find out why your representative on Finance Committee is letting himself be led by the nose among the buzzards and made a co-partner in the villainous infamy that has been and is afoot.

Playing Politics With Child Labor Bills

PUBLIC sentiment here is demanding an adequate child labor law. The people in control in Harrisburg are apparently planning to pass only such a law as will please the exploiters of child labor. They have the votes and they have the audacity to disregard the demand of the humane people of the Commonwealth. But they ought to understand, even if considerations of humanity will not move them, that it is bad politics to leave the children at the mercy of those unscrupulous men who wish to take advantage of the poverty of their parents and put the young at work when they should be at play. Progressive legislation on this subject is certain and the political party which holds back will suffer the consequences of its folly.

Haven for Progressive Polygamists

PHILADELPHIA is rapidly assuming the place once held by Reno as a resort for those seeking a divorce, unless reports to that effect are exaggerated. The lax laws of the Commonwealth certainly make it about as easy to dissolve the marriage tie here as in Nevada. Residence for only one year is required and divorce is granted for personal abuse or for conduct rendering life burdensome, as well as for desertion extending over a period of two years. The trials are held before a referee or a master, in the privacy of a lawyer's office, and when the decree is granted by the court it can be done so quietly that no one will ever discover it unless he is on the watch.
All the circumstances conspire to make this city a happy haven for those who wish to practice polygamy progressively, or to experiment with trial marriages, or to play fast and loose with the affections of others. And Pennsylvania is not a frontier State, with loose moral standards and an imperfectly organized society. It is one of the oldest Commonwealths in the Union, and was founded by men of the strictest integrity and the nicest sense of social honor.

There is no justification in expedience or in necessity for a continuance of the lax divorce laws on the statute books. Before the matter assumes the proportions of a national scandal the General Assembly should undertake the revision of the laws so as to accord with the high standards of the people of the Commonwealth.

Mr. Wilson Needs a Rest

IT IS more important that the President should be in San Francisco than in Washington next March. He is needed at the Panama-Pacific fair. If the slide in the Panama Canal is not removed in time for him to make the trip by water and bless the great ditch with his presence, all the States between the Atlantic and the Pacific through which he must pass to reach the Golden Gate will be delighted to see him. And the time is about ripe, anyway, for him to round the circle as a preliminary to 1916.
Washington can very well spare him in March, and it can spare Congress, too. That body has been in session almost continuously for the last two years and the country is looking for a little relief. But if the new Congress is called together early in the spring to complete the work which the present Congress will leave undone, the prospect for relief will go glimmering. Mr. Wilson and the country both need a rest, and the country will be mightily pleased if Mr. Wilson will take what he needs.

Of course, every friend of the Administration insists that it is the war which makes the bread line so long.
Now is the time for those who insist that the flag shall never be hauled down to demand that the Lusitania become an American ship.

These tattooing tools at the University Museum will come in handy when it is necessary to mark the Councilman for identification to prevent the punishment of the innocent with the guilty.
In the last month for which the State vital statistics have been compiled, there were 1,846 more deaths than in the corresponding month of the year 1914. An indication that the State is in a bad way. It is the duty of the Legislature to see that the program of the great Progressive leader,

SEEING ROME WITH MR. BERNARD SHAW

Humanizing Antiquity as the British Playwright Does It in "Androcles and the Lion"—Humor and Inspiration Instead of Romance.
By KENNETH MACGOWAN

ONE of these days a playwright is going to astonish us with a realistic King Arthur, with Launcelot and Guinevere done in the terms of a modern problem play. There will be bravery, courage, high daring, love, all-effacing passion. But there will be the touch of reality in it, too. There will be a host of the interesting commonplaces of that life; the people of the play will have the everyday interests of their time. And against all that, the power and beauty of the story will stand out all the sharper.
When playwrights do this with every scene in the Old World from Rameses to the Revolution, and from Attic Greece to attic Grub street, then we shall revivify romance as well as antiquity.
The very obvious reason why we have always written of our ancestors in the tedious old vein of stiff phrases and crushed rose leaves is because they never taught us better. Not that they didn't write comedies about the things of the day, but they wrote of the public things, not the everyday things. Aristophanes lampooned Socrates and the philosophers, Josted the lawyers, sneered at the politicians and the militarists, and Moliere lampooned the "learned" professions that knew nothing. But those were all transitory things that pass with the passing of time and come again in new garb today. They were too ephemeral and not ephemeral enough. When the elder men wrote of the individual life of their people they wrote only of fervid moments of great love and great faith and great trial. We have never written of the true, everyday life of the Old World, because the Old World itself never wrote it for us. And in the face of the grubbing scientific trend of today we have tired of their romance and heroics.

Seeing Antiquity With Shaw

Just when the costume piece, the historical drama and classic play have gone absolutely dead, so far as the public is concerned, the scientists of the museums have reawakened antiquity for us by giving up a little time from the official affairs of the Queen of Sheba for the furbelows of her handmaidens. And now a playwright who would like to call himself a scientist, too, is discovered doing the same thing for the theatre in a very delightful and irresponsible way. It is not John Massfield, though that poet has experimented most nobly with it in his prose play of Roman politics, "Pompey, the Great." It is that most popular of English playwrights, who has four plays on view in Philadelphia this week—"Pygmalion," "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," "The Admirable Bashville," and "The Doctor's Dilemma"—while a fifth, "Androcles and the Lion," furnishes New York with the text upon which this homily is based.

Shaw has always been rather fond of laying hands on the romantic past and subduing it to the image of what it may have been. "The Dark Lady" shows Shakespeare picking up little phrases here and there. "The Devil's Disciple" furnishes a prosaic Revolution of '76. "Caesar and Cleopatra" gives the Roman general the mental infirmities toward badness and such that Mommsen narates. All this, of course, with a mixture of levity and the greatly grave which reality very likely contained and which Aristophanes delighted to fling, all a-leap, into his Attic comedies.
"Androcles" goes farther into the Aristophanic, as well the antiquarian, than anything Shaw has done. Into the familiar story of the man who pulled a thorn from a lion's paw in the forest and was saved from death in the Coliseum by the fortunate fact that the same lion had been delegated to eat him, the playwright has flung the gravest reflections on God and the most amusing of details concerning the everyday life "behind the scenes" at the Coliseum.

"Behind the Scenes" at the Coliseum

It is surely possible, even absurdly likely, that the "Editor," or custodian of the gladiators, animals and martyrs, had a "call boy" to announce what "act," as we should say, was next on the program. And it is equally probable that if he entered quondam "greenroom" to announce, "No. 6, Retarius versus Secutor," those gentlemen would primp up in mirrors fixed for that purpose just inside the doors. No doubt these "professionals" quarreled among themselves and had their private jealousies for the centre of the stage. And if Lavinia, a Christian, who was also a Patrician, talked with the Editor and other prospective martyrs about the intimate details of the "profession," the scene might have run something very like this:
Lavinia—They really kill one another?
Spatho—Yes, if the people turn down their thumbs.
The Editor—You know nothing about it. The people indeed! Do you suppose we would kill a man worth perhaps 50 talents to please the riffraff? I should like to catch any of my men at it.

Lavinia—Then is nobody ever killed except you poor Christians?
The Editor—If the Vestal Virgins turn down their thumbs, that's another matter. They're ladies of rank.
Lavinia—Does the Emperor ever interfere?
The Editor—Oh, yes; he turns his thumb up fast enough if the Vestal Virgins want to have one of his pet fighting men killed.
Androcles—But don't they ever just only pretend to kill one another? Why shouldn't you pretend to die, and get dragged out as if you were dead; then get up and go home, like an actor?
The Editor—See here, you want to know too much. There is not a pretending about the new lion; let that be enough for you. He's hungry.
The harsh reality of being a Christian when all the world was Pagan had its humors. Such religious forerunners were the laughing stock of the average people then just as much as any political forerunner today. Androcles' wife, Megara, looked on his Christianity as quite as disreputable as we once thought the political program of populism which so many States have not accepted.

When Shaw has finished with the lion in the forest and Androcles has performed his historic piece of chirology, they both repair to a square in Rome, where some soldiers are marshalling martyrs that they have brought up from the provinces. Here, in the shadow of the Coliseum, the patrician captain has some advice for the men in regard to their bearing toward the very cheerful Christians, who have enlivened their march with those qualities of hearty humanity which the early Church commended.

The Captain (speaking stiffly and officially)—You will remind your men, Centurion, that we are now entering Rome. You will instruct them once inside the gates of Rome they are in the presence of the Emperor. You will make them understand that the law disciplines the march cannot be perturbed here. You will instruct them to observe every day, and every week. You will

"FOR WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE—"



Impress on them particularly that there must be an end to the profanity and blasphemy of singing Christian hymns on the march. I have to reprimand you, Centurion, for not only allowing this, but actually doing it yourself.

The Centurion (apologetic)—The men march better, captain.
Captain—No doubt. For that reason an exception is made in the case of the march called "Onward, Christian Soldiers." This may be sung, except when marching through the forum or within hearing of the Emperor's palace; but the words must be altered to "Throw Them to the Lions."

(The Christians burst into shrieks of uncontrollable laughter, to the great scandal of the Centurion.)
Centurion—Silence! Silen-n-n-n-nee! Where's your behavior? Is that the way to listen to an officer? (To the Captain.) That's what we have to put up with from these Christians every day, sir. They're always laughing and joking something scandalous. They've no religion; that's how it is.

Shaw's "Muscular Christian"
Hot upon the heels of such plausible fooling follows the scene in the Coliseum. There we see the Christians waiting their end, and there we meet the terror of the giant Ferrovius, who quails before the warlike trumpet calling to combat. He is a "muscular Christian"; he tries to "fear God more than man." But he really fears himself.
The proving of Ferrovius' fears makes a climax almost as important as the recognition of Androcles by the lion. For out in the arena he feels his blood surge to battle, he "sees red"—and slays his six armed assailants. A figure of warring Europe, he cries in agony: "In my youth I worshiped Mars, the god of war; I turned from him to serve the Christian God; but today the Christian God forsook me; and Mars overcame me and took back his own. The Christian God is not yet. He will come when Mars and I are dust; but meanwhile I must serve the gods that are, not the God that will be. Until then I accept service in the Guard, Caesar."

An Inspiring Christianity

Theologians may doubt the Christianity of much of "Androcles." But they must admit the nobility of the faith of Lavinia, even as they decry its modernity, its identity with the rather mystic belief of Shaw himself in a Godhead that man will some day achieve. It is thus that the Captain will again argue with the Christian girl after she has been set free by the emperor as a reward for the bravery of Ferrovius:
The Captain—You have nothing left now but your faith in this crazy of yours, this Christianity. Are your Christian fairy stories any truer than our stories about Jupiter and Diana, in which, I may tell you, I believe no more than the Emperor does, or any educated man in Rome?
Lavinia—Captain, all that seems nothing to me now. I'll not say that death is a terrible thing; but I think I'm going to die for a thing that when it comes close, all the imaginary things—all the stories, as you call them—fade into mere dreams beside that inexorable reality. I know now that I am not dying for stories or dreams.

The Captain—Are you then going to die for nothing?
Lavinia—Yes, that is the wonderful thing. It is since all the stories and dreams have gone that I have now no doubt at all that I must die for something greater than dreams or stories.
The Captain—But for what?
Lavinia—I don't know. If it were for anything small enough to know, it would be too small to die for. I think I'm going to die for God. Nothing else is real enough to die for.
The Captain—What is God?
Lavinia—When we know that, Captain, we shall be gods ourselves.
All this "fable play" of Shaw's may not be true to its age, though every week the scientists in the museums give us more and more hints of just this sort of prosaic quality in the old life. With its pantomime lion—oh, a wonderful lion!—it may be a hodge-podge of tragedy and burlesque. But it is all boundlessly plausible, human and inspiring. As Granville Barker's able company act the play at Wallack's, with no wails and the action brought right down to the audience upon an apron stage, it is the best entertainment of the theatrical season.

They Kill, But Not in Hatred

Much has been heard and read of late about the hate, bitter or malignant, according to the point of view, held by one nation, usually Germany, against another, usually England. And manifestations or expressions of this feeling have, of course, been by no means infrequent. One notices, however, that most, if not all, of them come from others than the officers and men who are in the field, where they have a chance to learn in the most convincing way that courage in battle, readiness to sacrifice life and to endure torture well slight intolerable, and disciplined devotion to military duty as formulated in military orders, are the exclusive possessions of no one people, but are qualities displayed in about equal measure by them all.



ROMANCE OF FAMOUS FOREIGN LEGION

On the Battlefields of France This Fighting Agglomeration of Outcasts and Adventurers of Many Nationalities Is Adding Fresh Glory to Its Brilliant Record.
By EDGAR MELS.

A soldier of the Legion Lay dying in Algeria.

SO THE poem has it. The Legion d'Étrangers, that hodge-podge of international castoffs, most of whom left their native lands because they had to—that conglomeration of humans whose hope of social reinstatement has died, and who seek glory on the field of battle to square accounts with the civilization they offended—that 8000 is back in the fray and on French soil!
Composed of Alsations, French, Germans, Eurasians, Levantines, Russians, Greeks, Swiss, Austrians and—yes, Americans—minus perhaps the Germans and Austrians, it is battling for its adopted land, France. And such superb soldiers as these drifters, these outcasts, make! Even as the Mohammedan seeks Paradise through death on the field of battle; as the Japanese seeks the Samurai heaven; as the Norsemen and Vikings sought Valhalla, so the legionnaire asks death in the hell of shot and shell, in the roar of guns and the screeching of whirling bombs.

And if they die thus, they will simply uphold the traditions of their corps. They will fall even as their comrades in arms fell before them, for a more honorable military record than that of the Legion it would be difficult to resurrect from the musty pages of history. "Eighty-four years ago last Thursday the Foreign Legion—popularly so called—was organized by France. Since then its members have won enough glory, have shed enough blood, have suffered enough to redeem any and all pasts they may have sought to forget and live down.

One French general after another was sent to Algeria to subdue Abd-el-Kader. One after another returned to La Belle France in disgrace. At last came Bugeaud. Making the Foreign Legion a nucleus, he collected a considerable army for those days, and after several campaigns crushed Kader, captured him and sent him to exile in Smyrna, where he died in 1853.

But it is not only in the years—nay, generations—of struggles with the Arabs, that the legionnaires most distinguished themselves. Wherever they fought, there glory was theirs. Queen Isabella rented the Legion to help subdue the Carlist revolt in Spain, where it lent tremendous aid to the hard-pressed Marshal O'Donnel. In the Crimea, its members fought and bled. In the days of the ill-fated Maximilian in Mexico they upheld the honor of France.

At Sidi-bel-Abbes, in the hinterland of Oran, are the barracks of the Legion, baked in the heat of the desert sun, cooled by the evening breezes, redolent with spice and laden with the perfume of date palm groves—often overwhelmed by terrific sandstorms from beyond the oases. There live the main forces of the legionnaires. There they "heel-ball" their black belts; there they clean their accoutrements. And when leave of absence comes they drift into Oran, into the gambling halls and resorts which abound there, seeking forgetfulness of the past.

For among them are men of many sorts—professors, physicians, bankers, writers, aye, even princes. Carefree they are so far as responsibilities are concerned, although their pay is only 17 centimes (2 1/2 cents) a day.

The Legion Marches Forth

And when the call comes they march forth, arrayed in loose red trousers, blue blouses, double-breasted black tunics with red facings, wearing red-fringed green epaulettes, with a blue woolen cummerbund around the waist. On their heads rusta red kepis on which flare the seven-famed grenade, the honored badge of the Legion. Carbines, short swords and vicious knives are their armament. They carry their accoutrements, their small tents, their cooking utensils on their backs.

The terms of enlistment are not surrounded by red tape. No questions are asked. Real names are seldom furnished—they are lost in the past. Physical conditions being up to the standard, they are mustered in, and the Legion has gained new recruits. It is all so simple, this entering the Legion of "Lost Hopes and Undying Memories," this affecting one's self from civilization.
In time of peace the life of the legionnaire of today is not unvaried. He is fairly well fed; fairly well trained. But it was different in the days gone by. He was an abject slave to his officers; treated worse than the provincial dog-brother, scolded, overworked,

MESSAGE FROM HOME

With travel-stained feet
Stands the lonesome youth
One hour long
In the library booth,
Reading, homesick.
All the while
Over a blessed
Newspaper file,
Homely old paper,
Looks to me;
Banal and trite,
It seems to be;
But watch his eyes scan it,
Up and down,
Blessed old paper
From the kissed home town.
Type is shabby,
And ink is poor,
Has a colored supplement
For a lure;
Gives advice to girls
And hints on dress,
Steers new married couples
To happiness;
Tut in the trite sheet
A vital line
Of the Somewhere Else
To those homesick eyes,
Of the Somewhere Else
With its memories sweet
Of the lonesome path
With the travel-stained feet.
—M. E. Macklin in the New York Times